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THE CIRCULATION OF The Evening World

FRIDAY, AUG. 23, WAS PRECIBELY

348,010

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 Copies.

A SCHEME THAT DID NOT WORK.

Alderman Cantin flew into a rage vester. day because Mayor Grant refused to lend himself to a grab-scheme to secure Jerome avenue road for the purposes of a doubtful street-car line.

The Mayor was in the right. Jerome avenue is almost the only pleasure drive left in that part of the city. Still, its surrender might be permissible were there the slightest reason for it. There is none. The streets opening into it are few, and the population to be benefited by a railway is very thininfinitesimal compared with the number that now find pleasure in driving there.

Mayor Grant sow that it was merely rush to gain control of what may prove the approach to the World's Fair grounds. He had in mind the fact that the Southern Boulevard was grabbed in just the same fashion. He knew that no thorough or efficient railway service would be provided, and was unwilling to sacrifice the drive to a job.

Furthermore, the Mayor may have meant. and wisely, to curb the blatant genius of Mr. Canux, who is developing strong blather skite tendencies, and makes the bones of every one else "wax old through his roaring all the day long."

Yes, Mr. CARLIN, as you say, "Jerome avenue road must go," but not just now, and not to you or your friends. You say you'll spoil it for driving, any way. Go ahead with that public-spirited plan.

We'll make sure, first, that a railroad is needed there, and then that it will be built.

PLUCK THAT WINS.

NED HANLAN knows what he is talking about. Canadian as he is, he says frankly Perhaps she thought it nice to have a husband there is no one now capable of coming within even a reasonable distance of beating SEARLE. Then he adds: " He is, without question, the coolest and most collected oarsman I have ever seen in a race."

That is the milk in the cocoanut, Ngo HANDAN knows that "heart" is half a boat race, so it is of any other struggle. The man who isn't game on the mark is already beaten in a contest with an equal.

If Mr. Countries, of Union Springs, had possessed more of that essential and altogether enviable quality of "heart," the world's championship, in all likelihood, would never have gone out of New York State unto this day.

GRIPMAN BEN.

President Hannison is in the selfsame fix as was ALFRED FOGARTY, gripman on the Harlem cable car, who found when he tried to slow up at Third avenue yesterday that the grip wouldn't let go the cable. It hustled him slong at a merry rate, and all he could do was to ride and trust in God.

Gripman Hannison can't let go of Cable TANNER, either, and if his ranaway does not end as Fogasty's did, in a smash-up, then the divine influences which, according to WANAMAKER, secured BEN his job are still operative.

WHERE WILL IT END?

PADDY DIVVER is the boss iconoclast of the times. Not content with changing Chatham street to Park Row he wants to disguise time. honored Baxter street with the name of Harry Howard street. Arise, some New Yorker with respect for history and tradition, and curb this rampent man. If Divven is let run the good old titles will vanish from Manhattan's ocomatology, and we shall be as fresh as Chicago, which Heaven forfend.

TURN ABOUT.

GRAHAM, the barrel plunger of Niagara, who is now "freaking it" in a museum, threatens a libel suit against the Buffalo News because it didn't believe he went over the falls in his tun. If GRAHAM could get judgments against all the incredulous, he would be rich enough to buy the Falls for himself and Bropre. The News might retaliate upon this "aggregation" of death defiers by suing BRODIE for obtaining advertising under false protenses.

If there wasn't some good now and then in wagging tongues they would have no place in the world. A lot of neighborhood gossip in teething. Everybody can buy it. Price with case

Pittsburg prompted the Coroner to stop the JEWEL-LOVING RUSSIANS. funeral of Many FITZGERALD, and investigation showed that she had been murdered.

and its heaps of fun for you.

IMPOSITIONS.

Has Judge Bookstaven gone into permanent retirement on the Yellowstone? If so, it is to be hoped there will be nothing there to "impose upon" him-nothing heavier than a mountain.

He seems to have lost all interest in the latest "imposition" to which he was subjected, but, strangely, the public cannot forget that Sheriff FLACE and his pals imposed

upon it as well. Come home. Judge, and help punish their impertinence.

The Finance Committee of the World's Fair has sat brooding long enough to hatch a magnificent plan, and a certain one. But the best of it is, they say the shell is broken. The knowledge of that plan is all New York needs to make Chicago's pretensions look sick and tired. Give it to us, gentlemen.

A London paper says the lost books of Euclid have been found, in Sanscrit translation, at Jeypore, in India. Only the schoolboys of preceding generations can know what a shocking piece of news this is for those of succeeding ones. Euclid was big enough and bad enough before.

And now in Berlin they accuse young German Wilhelm of a prolonged attack of D. T., colloquially known as Jims, Well, his neighbors must know. His penchant for fight has been noticeable, but we didn't suspect that snakes were the objects of his belligerence.

FANCIES.

There are 275 women preachers in the United States. The women lecturers haven't been counted vet.

The depravity of a sodz-water bottler is exposed this morning. For months he had been selling lager under the innocent label of ginger

St. Petersburg folk have to be careful about their use of words. Yesterday the entire bench of judges there were arrested for using the German language instead of Russian.

Mrs. Michael Schilling consulted a Reading fortune-teller ten days ago and is now a raving maniac. She is not the only person whom fortune-tellers have made mad.

What, change the name of Baxter street Harry Howard street 7 Perish the thought Our consuls had best be careful. Here's one

at Colon who reports yellow fever on an American-bound steamer, and for his pains is reported by the owners to the Secretary of State

When in her bathing suit beside The ocean's shore she flirts. Her dress is cut high at the neck, And high, too, at the skirts. When for the ball the gentle maid
Her person doth bedeck,
Her dross is longer at the skirts
And lower at the neck,
—Eoston Courier.

Miss Holtz, of Hoboken, wants Mr. Sunkle to give her \$10,000 for blighted affection. Sunkle agreed to marry her and then went and wedded her brother's widow, who had just inherited her late husband's drng store.

Theodore Suzo Tomagowa eloped with Miss Catherine Adams to Milwaylon night and was married there. He was a teacher of embroidery and thus made her sequaintance. who could embroider his own slippers.

OFF THE STAGE.

Miss Marion Manola now dresses entirely in clack, in respect to the memory of her brother. But Miss Manola's garbs are not at all funercal There are black clothes and black clothes, don't you know ?

Miss Vernona Jarbean generally appears in a red silk jersey bodice and a skirt of a different color. Miss Jarbean thinks more of the ponderons chatclaine she wears than of the dress proper. The chatelaine is much in evidence.

De Wolf Hopper on the street is hardly recogsizable to those who have seen the comedian on the stage. This is due to the fact that Hopper invariably plays parts that require eccentric

Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly is a very quiet, amiable little lady in private life. She has a country house at New Rochelle and spends very little time in New York. Broadway rarely sees her.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE,

James E. Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, is a hard worker in the interest of athletics. He devotes a good share of his time the encouragement of less enthusiastic athletes.

William Byrd Page, who holds the record of 6 feet 4 inches for the running high jump, when a boy was sickly and weak. He took to jumping and bicycling in order to strengthen his legs, which were below the average in strength. The result of his efforts is known throughout the world. He is but 5 feet 7 inches in height.

Wendell Baker, class of '86, Harvard College, with a record of 10 seconds for the 100 yards, is now a member of the New York Athletic Club. Since leaving college he has not taken part in the amateur championships. He may, however, be persuaded to re-enter the athletic field.

Capt. English, of the Friendship Boat Club. the right man in the right place. Besides ably fulfilling the duties of his position, his geniality and kindly, hospitable nature make him just the man to act as chief entertainer at the many reentions and entertainments for which the Friendship Club is peculiarly noted.

"Bob" Cook, the so-called "father of college rowing." was a member of the Class of '76 of Yale College. He is now treasurer of the Philadelphia Times. He is a trifle above medium height and is now considerably stouter than he was, particularly in front, which looks comfortable. He is not too fat to pull an oar, however,

As Angel.

'I like to be an auge!
And with the angel's stand,"
Jenims softly murmured.
A hyun-book in her haud;
Her mother called 'Jenims,
Come help me with my work."
'Do it yourself, 'shie anwered.
''D' you spose I am a Turk?''

-Netwaska State Journal.

Gossip away, ladies, it may be of some use THEY EVEN ADORN THEIR HOUSES AND HARNESS WITH THEM.

> When the Empress Is Attired in Her Semi-Barbaric Gorgeousness She Literally Resembles a Walking Golconda-The Imperial Treasures Are Almost Beyond Calculation

Perhaps if the Empress of Russia had to make her own bonnets when a girl she got enough of the millinery trade then and really prefers crowns. There is no monarch in Euope who surpasses her in magnificence of attire, which is semi-barbaric in its gorgeousness, and at the state balls she is literally a walking Golconda, says a correspondent of the Indianapolis News. The pearest approach to her splendor that has been witnessed in London was the attire of the Indian Princess who attended the Queen's Jubilee. The Queen had driven through Piccadilly

The Queen had driven through Piccadilly very pale and stern, expecting every moment a mine to explode beneath her feet, or a bomb a la Russe to be hurled from a roof-top, for there were whispers of socialistic threats; her body-guard of princely descendants looked like a river of gold wending through the dark masses of the densely-nacked crowd on either side with their uniforms gittering in the sun—but suddenly a great cry of admiration arose from the crowd; it was the carriage of the Indian Princess which had come in sight, and now the river of gold was changed to a river of diamonds, for she was literally covered from head to foot with jewels.

As you approach the state drawing-room

As you approach the state drawing-room of the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, Empress of all the Russias, you perceive that the doors, thickly overlaid with gold, are also

doors, thickly overland with gold, are also incrusted with jewels; great emeralds unent, amethysts, topaz and turquoise glitter in the brilliantly lighted corridors.

At the door you pause, dazzled with the gleam of 30,000 candles set in crystal, and beneath them, before the golden throne, blazes the beautiful woman, sister to the Princess of Wales, who holds her own amidst all these splendors with the simple dignity of the Cinderella Princess who made her own bonnet in the little kingdom by the sea.

Her robes are stiff with diamonds and the strands of priceless pearls, and with their great pear-shaped pendants fall like a networknearly to her feet. Scarcely an inch of textile fabric can be seen, for the eptite train is covered, with embroidery in gold and pearls and lined with fusian sable.

The imperial treasures are beyond calcula-

is covered with embroidery in gold and pearls and lined with itussian sable.

The imperial treasures are beyond calculation, but they are for use and not merely kept as the curiosities of a former age—the great antique crowns with the finest rubies and diamonds in the world, the sceptre with the wonderful Orloff diamond in its head, are brought out and used for different state ceremonials—the people given a sight of them—and at the royal banquets the gold and jewelled plate is taken from the cabinets and spread for the feast.

An American politician once proudly showed me a pearl which he dug from his goblet with a penknife when official position gave him entres to one of these scenes of splendor. Even the carriages and harness are covered with jewels.

One room in the palace is entirely lined with amber, walls, ceiling; columns, doors, everything—the freeze, claborately carved, being Roman arabesques in transparent am-

being Roman arabesques in transparent am-ber on an opaque ground. The capitals of the pillars are mlaid with topas. When the Czarina receives here she wears a dress of cloth of gold covered with gold embroidery.

topaz and vellow diamonds.

The Russians adoro jewels. The court ladies all have the most wonderful parures, while the twenty five Grand Dukes with their splended uniforms and foreign orders make a never-to-be-forgotten speciacle with their splended forms and blond mustaches.

POLITICAL PERSONALS

Alderman Cowie-There appears to be but two political divisions in this city. President Har-rison names the Twenty-first Assembly District and Mayor Grant the Nineteenth. Alderman Carlin-Show me an election district

the Nineteenth Assembly that can't boast Commissioner. Alderman Clancy - The only site for the World's Fair is Oriental Park and Corlear's

Alderman Flynn-What's the matter with the

serry Bend and Jimmy Oliver's Paradise ? Warrant Clerk David Ryan, of the Mayor's office, carries his left hand in a very unratura manner just now. His fellow-clerks unkindly assert that this is because of the presence of blazing brilliant on his main oquehe.

Mayor's Officer Tom Clifford modestly wear his diamond in his trousers pocket. General Bussell A. Alger, who has been at the

Fifth Avenue Hotel with his wife, left for his nome in Detroit to-day. One of the most intimate friends of the late

Congressman Cox was Julius Harburger, Clerk of the First District Court and President of the Stec'tier Association. His last letter was written to Mr. Harburger concerning the lecture he was to have delivered before the Steckler Association last night.

The Anti-O'Brienites of the Eighth Distric have had the temerity to push under the nose of John J. himself a list of Republicans whom they want appointed Inspectors of Election Police Commissioner McClave will have to choose between their list and that of O'Brien The Antis are said to have gone outside the disrict in making up their list.

Will Hans Beattle be cared for by Tammany Wm. C. Whitney's deal to keep Tammany in line for Cleveland in return for Grant votes is said to have included an arrangement whereby his protege. Beattie, should not suffer.

Tom C. Platt has scored another victory in the ection of Bowling Green as the site for the ew Custom-House and appraisers' stores There is no Administration balm for the wounds which caused Warner Miller to fall outside the breastworks.

has great personal magnetism.

Vice-President Morton's Washington home will probably be the most elegantly appointed house in Washington. It will be furnished from Mr. Morton's Fifth avenue house in this city. The largest organ in the world has recently

been built for the new town hall in Sydney. New South Wales. It cost \$75,000, the largest sum ever paid for a single instrument, and it has 132 sounding stops. Jay Gould has an orchid in his conservatory

Tough Luck. Soretoe-Did yeh git anythin' teh eat to

day, pard? Stohnbroos-Yep.
"Did yen hev teh work fer it?" "Times is hard, ain't dey?"

at Irvington that is valued at 65,000.

Depends on the Place. "What does M. P. mean after a man's Dame, pa?"

Well, my son, it depends on where you are. In London it stands for one who makes Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by the laws, in New York for one who enforces U. I. HOOD & CO., Lewell, Mass.

"FERNCLIFF."

William Haworth's new domestic comedy drams, called "Ferneiiff," which was given for the second time at the Union Square The atra last night, is a play made up of good old stage material that has done duty as far back as the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" could possibly reach. There is nothing even approaching novelty in the production, nor even in Mr. William Haworth's treatment of its situ-

"Ferneliff," like all plays that rely upon stagey viliain who is forever soliloquizing for the benefit of the audience and exclaiming, am safe. He knows nothing," is utterly imperishable, and in these enlightened days the probabilities must be considered, at least as far as a New York andience is concerned. The story of "Ferneliff" deals with the love of the extremely villainous Mr. Willard Hilton for the fair Aunte, who has two bouncing children and is the wife of Tom Hewius. The war breaks out, and through the devices of the villain Tom and his brother join the forces, and, of course, Annie-idiotic Annie-is led to believe that her husband is dead. She loves him as only a stage wife can love her husband, from the depths of her impetnous being. So absorbing and tumultuous is this love, in fact, that a few months after her husband's supposed death we see her about to marry the villain, who has been 'so kind."

Then the husband comes back and wants to kill the villain; and the brother comes back and is equally vociferous. This, of course, is the situation of the play, and you will admit that it is slightly moss-covered, though it is the best part of "Ferneliff." There are Fauntieroyesque stage tots, who say cute things and pray pathetically for papa and mamma. and come in be-night-gowned.

The comedy in "Ferneliff" should surely be

overhauled. Mr. William Haworth's notion of comedy is gruesome. I imagine that his idea of a jolly time would be a day spent in a cemetery. His juvenile man is an undertaker and is for ever joking about coffins. He is deeply in love with Hattie, and exclaims: "I wonder what size coffin you would take." Isn't that an amorous utterance? Then he tries to measure ber for her coffin, and is extremely humorous. Mr. Haworth is evidently one of those who believe in the evolution of a joke from a coffin. Most people will be glad to leave him in undisputed possession of this belief.

The cast of "Ferneliff" was a very fair one The best work was that done by Miss Fanny Marsh, who played the small part of a nurse with much unction. E. H. Vanderfelt was vigorous, while William Haworth, though at times stilted, was very effective in the third act. T. J. Herndon, who was in senile tears from the beginning of the play till the curtain fell, was singularly unpleasant to me, and he was made up like the burlesque old gentleman in Dixey's 'Adonis," who told the story beginning Twenty years ago." Miss Rebecca Warren is a very pretty girl, but needs toning down a little for the stage. ALAN DALE.

BERRY WALL'S "SABBATH CALM."

Chicago's Boss Concoction Mixer Taught

How to Make It. E. Berry Wall is in town, says the Chicago Herald. Mr. Wall is variously known as the king of the dudes, as the possessor of at least one hundred and fifty pairs of parti-colored pants, as the belligerent agent for a champagne house, and as the "inventor" of a new drink known as " The Sabbath Calm." This new drink he introduced some time ago in New York, and it is recognized far and near as the greatest achievement of his life.

A few days ago two New Yorkers entered Clayton's place and asked Dave Clayton, who was on duty at the time, for a Sabbath calm and a cocktail. Dave was well up in the lat-ter drink, but had to confess ignorance as to the composition of the former. But he was not to be bluffed.

nct to be bluffed.

"It's a new one on me," he said, "but I'll make it if you'll tell me how."

The New Yorker then gave the necessary directions, which Dave followed out to the letter. He said: "Take your largest mixing glass and put in two spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Now just moisten the sugar with a little gin. Fill the glass with ice. Put in a peny of good brandy, a pony of claret, a pony of port wine and a pony of black coffee. Now break an egg into the glass and pour in w break an egg into the glass and Alderman Divver-Are you forgetting Mul- some milk. Shake up the decoction and strain it off into a large glass."

STOLEN RHYMES.

Lines to a Mosquite. Bird, bred in Jersey air.
Burd feel on Jersey's 'Tair,'
Sweet peaks thy fairy trump, borne on the wind.
And on this humid night.
Thou seest my candle's light.
And fliest in my room, not having dined.

I live by writing thymes, And these be starying times; would make but a poor meal for thee, So while I'm scribbling here, Do thou keep hovering near thy tender song to comfort me.

What-dost thou tired feel, And wish the evening men! Think'st thou a supper would make thee fee strong?

Well, rest then on my lip
And drink thy fill while—zipp!

Stilled is thy murmuring devilish song.

-Charles Battett Loomis in Time.

Sweet September. How bright the days are!
The solar rays are
No more oppressors, the nights are mild,
And clear the skies are,
And gay the dves are
In the mayle grove and the woodland wild.

Rehoolms'am and master,
Layman and pastor,
Are back from the mountain and ocean's shore,
Robust and healthy,
Aithough less wealthy,
And down to labor have bent once more.

The shore's deserted. And the youth no more 'neath the starlight pale His love confesses. And the bathing dresses No longer flap in the noonday gale.

WORLDLINGS.

The crops that weathered
The rain are gathered.
The grapes are rine on the burdened vine,
The pech moored fast is.
And almost past is
is a tall, slender woman, with a fine head, and

The Summer of eighteen eighty-nine.

Boston Cour

A World for Workers. This world is good enough for those who do their part while in it.

Who find the work they ought to do and cheerily

begin it: It's far too good for those who spend their days It's far too good for those was special in mere complaining.
And better than inless they change, the one they will be gaining:
The hone it, carnest toller gets his share of joy and money:
The loud-monthed drones may rant away—"tis work that wins the honey.

—Boston Budget.

Sick Headache

Is a very distressing affection, generally arising from stemach troubles, bitiousness and dyspepsis, and we frequently find persons of both sexes subject to periodic headsches for which they can ascribe no direct cause. But the headachs is a sire indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause Hood's Bareaparilla is a reliable remedy for headachs, and for all mountee which seem to require a corrective and regulator. It cares dysposals, biliousness, malaria, ones the stemach, creates an appetite. Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 DONES ONE DOLLAR

which the nickels were dropped.

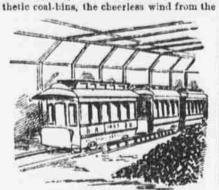
There was the heavy man, who worked his way up the aisle to everybody's terror and caused a cold draught to stream in through the aperture where the change was dis-pensed, because he had nothing smaller than nsed to sit down anywhere and remain per-fec ly insensible to the Swiss Bell Ringers' entertainment which the driver got up for his

on the evnical young man, who didn't believe in the maxim, "Every man his own con-It didn't trouble him to have the driver

HOUSE SECLUSION. onl-Dust Covers the Relies of Bygone Uncomfortable Travel-Harried Into Retirement by the Voice of Public Opinion-They Who Used to Ride in Them and

BOBTAIL CARS ROTTING IN THEIR GAS-

What They Endared. There they are ! And a blessing it is that they are there. Old, dilapidated, draggled, the marks of their hard journey through life written in the simple legend of decay on their worn-out frames, laid by amid the grime of unsympa-



ABANDONED IN THE GAS-HOUSE. eiver blowing a contempt for their rejected frames, the sunshine not getting near enough to brighten the melancholy dinginess which wraps them about as an old, toothless widow is swathed in her mourning garb.

There they are. And so much of a relief is it to have them flung aside, and to know that no longer shall they traverse the streets with men and women recognizing them with reluctance accepting their service with chagrin and detestation, and leaving them with a sigh of

Abandoned in the dusty old coal-shed, with the bad odor of gas mingling with the bad odor of their reputation, blowing about them a fitting effluvia, their battered, weary old frames, that have done their journey and are worn out and at rest, let us hope, forever. Not even this can make one look with the eve f pity upon them.

Bottail cars!
Rushed off the street by the wave of public execration which loudly reared against them, they have been taken to the dock of the Mutual Gas Commany at the foot of East Eighth street and left there.

They are like a flock of mangy sheep driven into the shambles, not good enough to be



ROTTING ON TWELFTH STREET DOCK.

tilled and too miserable to be sustained. When the sorry quadruped that used to career slong at a hospital lope, so stricken with disgrace at having to draw such a sorry affront to the public that he dared not raise his old head, dragged them through the streets, there was an air of hectic life about the old nuisances; but now they have not one solitary claim to the respect, pity or needs of human kind

human kind.

They stand there, ungladly possessed by somebody, but described by all, with the wind blowing the coal dust upon them as if trying to conceal them from the gaze of the passer-Melancholy traces of color cling to then

and show what thoroughters they used to infect. There are some of a weary blue that seem to whisper of Pavonia Ferry and THE REST OF TAXABLE 1 130

A LONELY PORTY-SECOND STREET CAR. A LONELY PORTY-SECOND STREET CAR.

Avenue C. Oh, yes! "we've a'll been there before, many a time many a time."

This is what they would say if they could say anything about it. There is the dirty red that used to trail along Seventh avenue; there is the white—heaven save the mark, that once was white!—that plied elsewhere.

But they are all there now, and it is hard for any pleasant memories to cluster about the battered old boxes. True, laughing girls once en ered them, and blushed as they made a slow and oscillating progress along the gentleman's laps up the car to the box in which the nickels were dropped.

which the nickels were dropped.

Stout dames once entered them and eat down near the door on a bit of seat and two or three other passengers, and then would give their nickel to the weary, timid man, who would struggletup and drop it in the box, because he had too much love for his kind to turn seven or eight innocent people into conductors.

Then he would humbly come back to find that in the mean time some one had appropri-ated his seat, and so he partly swung and swayed on a strap for the rest of the journey like a nardy cockatoo.

There was the heavy man, who worked his

Then there was the gay young blade, who

It wasn't his perves that suffered, but those of shrinking, delicate women, who felt tempted to get up and stop the tintinnabula-tion of the bells by paying another fare. The Parthien genees of the chorister of the juggernaut had no more effect than the bell

\$50 GOLD WATCH\$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

FAST FALLING TO DECAY. peer into the car and glare around. It was only the peer into the car and glare around. It was only the peer into the car and glare around. It was only the peer into the car and glare around. It was only the peer into the car and glare around. It was only the driver had his attention on the fare that suffered.

that suffered.

Then there would be the screams and the crunching of the bones beneath the wheels, and for a moment confusion and discreas, till everybody learned that the car hadn't got off the track, but had only bowled over one more unfortunate and become a murderous

old juggernaut again.

These be the memories that cluster around the old, de-orted hulks of the one-horse cars that stand desolate and despised in the atmos-

that stand desolate and despised in the atmosphere of the gas-house, with the grimy coal dust gathering on the window panes and drifting through the doors to powder the hard old seats.

Let them not there, unwept and unsung! It is the part of not-mi-sed cars. May they slowly crumble into sawdust and be blown out to the river and carried to the middle of the Atlantic, and then one will feel that the one horse car is far enough away.

Bad riddance to them!

BANKER KELLY BEREAVED.

His Sen Joseph Blown From a Train and Instantly Killed.

There is deep-scated grief to-day in the or dinarily happy home of Banker Eugene Kelly. South Orange, N. J., because of the sudder and shocking death of his son Joseph T. Kelly. Young Mr. Kelly started for home yesterday afternoon from his father's office at 45 Exchange place, this city, taking the Orange Express on the De sware. Lackawanna and Western Railroad, which left Hoboken at 4.30

o'clock.
The son passed into the rear car and engaged in a chat with acquaintances. His father took a seat in the middle car.
The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and just as the train was crossing the Hackeneack bridge, young kelly left his friends to go into the car ahead.
He had hardly stepped out of the door when several passengers were horrified to see him pitch headforemost from the platform.

A man has been blown off the train!" they cried.

"A man has been blown off the train." They cried.
In an instant Conductor Reed had grabbed the hell-rope and stopped the train, which was at once run back to the bridge.

Near some railroad ties beside the track lay the unconscious body of roung Kelly. His pulse fluttored feebly, but before he could be placed in the baggage car life was extinct.

He was quickly recognized, but every one shrank from the task of breaking the torrible news to his father. Finally Conductor Reed undertook the unreleasant duty.

"Mr. Kelly," he said, gently touching the old gentleman on the shoulder, "will you please step forward into the baggage car? A young man has been blown from the train and is badly but; some of the passengers say he—is—your—son."

My son!" gasped Mr. Kelly. "No, no; it any son; gasped ar. Achiv.

Annot be.

He hastened forward quickly, but when he reached the haggage car he appeared dazed and refused to believe what his own eyes witnessed. Stretched out on the floor of the car lay the dead body of his boy, an ugly wound in the back of his head telling the sad story.

When some one took from the dead young man's pocket an envelope addressed. "Joseph Kelly, Orange Athletio Club." the old gentleman became convinced.

man became convinced.

His grief was pitiful. He fell on his knees beside him son and kiesed him, then gazed silently at his features cold in death, while tears flowed like rain upon the face of his dead boy.

Young Kelly was twenty-two years old, and very popular in social and athletic circles. He was educated at Seton Hall College.

TRAPPING A MOSQUITO.

When He Sends in Ills Bill Hold Your Breath and He Can't Get Away. Three or feur men were sitting on the piazza of a seaside cottage smoking. It was evening. The stars were as thick in the sky

waves according to the Boston Globe, came to a the beach with a swish-swash-swosh just as they have done ever since the second Clara-How much does your dancing-masday of the creation.

More piercing than the song of the waves

More piercing than the song of the waves were the notes, and more multitudinous than the stars of heaven the number of mosquitoes that haunted the piazza, and every one of them was "looking for blood."

The men had cessed smoking for fun. They now puffed their pipes and cigars to keep the mosquitoes away.

"Something funny about mosquitoes," said one rather absent-mindedly.

"Yes, rather," was the drawling reply.

"Funny how much blood it takes to fill one of them up."

one of them up."
"No, but honest, now: do you know that
if a mosquito 'd get his bill down into your
hand he can't pull it out while you hold your Don't believe it."

"It is true, however, for I have tried it."
"Bet you the cigars a mosquito can take
its bill out at any time he wants to do it, and we'll ry it right here. Is it a go?"

"It is, and I'll let them try." A lamp was lighted, the eigars put out and all waited. In less than a minute a mosquito had placed himself on Tom's hand and begun operations.

"Now," said Tom, and placed the foreinger of his other hand down close to the mosquito. It did not budge. He placed his nail against the abdomen of the insect and whirled it around. Still it remained fixed. whirled it sround. Still it remained fixed.

You can do is every time, "said Tom, as he killed the mosquito and drew a leng

It is a fact. Go and try it.

TEXAS FEVER INOCULATION.

Dr. Paul Paquin Experiments at the Kansas City Stock Yards.

The Texas fever experiments now being conducted in the stock yards under the direction of Dr. Paul Paquin, Missouri State

rection of Dr. Paul Paquin. Missouri State Veterinarian, are progressing very favorably, says the Kansas City Globe. A slight fever has been noticeable since the inoculation of the cattle, but no unfavorable symptoms have have manifested themselves. Their temperature ranges from 101 to 103 degrees, five of the animals showing a decrease and one a slight increase since Aug. 27.

Three of the animals were inoculated Aug. 10 by Dr. H. B. Adair, Deputy State Veterinarian, with cultivated Texas fever virus supplied by Dr. Paquin. The temperature at that time ranged from 101 1.5 to 102 degrees. Aug. 14 three others were inoculated with virus taken from the liver and spleen of a steer found in the yards afflicted with fever. The temperature of these were lower than the first, being 101 to 101 1.5 degrees.

Aug. 17 the first three arrivals were again inoculated with cultivated virus, their temmoculated with cultivated virus, their tem-perature slightly on the increase, ranging from 102 2-5 to 103 degrees, and at the same

time the other three that were incculated but three days before had high fever, their temperature ranging from 104 to 106 2-5 de-Aug. 24 the six heifers, with three not inoculated, were turned into a pen lately oc-cupied by through Western cattle that were thought afflicted with fever. Yesterday the temperature ranged from 101 2.5 to 103 1.5. The experiments are as yet in their infancy, but the surgeous are of the opinion that by but the surgeous are of the opinion that busing virus in a weak stage for the first inceu lation and inuch stronger in the second

many positive results would be obtained

gins, you are going from bad to worse.

Drunk and disorderly, fighting, and so on;

Their endeavors are to flud the cause of Texas fever as much as to find a remedy or Nolens Volens. The Great Unpaid-Now, look here, Scrog

you'll be committing manslaughter next—or still worse, peaching. I am soing to let you off this time: but remember—don't let me see you here again.
Village Mauvaus Sujet-Plaze, zur, a didn't
want to come 'ere this toime, on'y this mon in blue browt me.

I From Time. 1

Vayne-Yes, I'm a philosopher. Brynne-Which kind? Those who talk like philosophers and live like fools, or those that talk like fools and live like philosophers.

Try "BOND's" BONTON BROWN BREAD. A. CHELL-BERG'S Bakery, 200 Third are., opr. 23d st.

FOLLY'S DOMINION. KING

SCINTILLATIONS OF WIT FROM AMERICA'P FUNNIEST WRITERS,

Pleasant for the Wall-Flower.



Wingate (at the pienic)-I say that Mrs. renor asked me particularly to go along Ponson—And I say emphatically that she seked me! with Michael and the luncheon!

Wife-How can you sit there and watch me ook, Henry, and never offer to help one bit? Husband-Why, I do the hardest part of

"Yes ; I cat what you cook."

No Men There. [From L(fe.] Mme. Fashionne-Did you meet any nice nen at Bar Harbor this Summer? Lalage-Men? There were some Philadel-phia dudes and some actors there, but no

Did His Part.

| From Fick-Me-Up | Citizen (at the nursery)-Have you any lants with insects on them? Florist-No. indeed, I don't keep such hings.

A Worthless Greenhouse.

Citizen (disappointedly)—I was in hopes you did. My wife never lets me smoke in the house except when there are insects on A Paradox. [From the Fliegende Blatter,] "Aren't you drinking a good deal lately

Well, you see, sir, it's only in times of

peace that I drink anything. But I never should bit a target in the world without a cocktail to start on. An Able Substitute. [From London Tid-Bite.] Guard-Now, miss, jump in, please; train

ergeant?"

going on. Child—But I can't go before I have kissed "Jump in, miss: I'll see to that." A Great Event.

Teacher-What great event occurred in Small Boy (after a pause)-Please, ma'am, I was born then. The Chicago Motto

er charge for a lesson, dear? Mande-I don't remember-that is in dolars and cents, but pa says the bill amounts

o a drewed hog a day.
"How horribly high!"
"Rather, but it's grace before meat with pa every time." Shamed the Devil.

Benevolent Old Gentleman-Going to school, my lad? Urchin (promptly)—Yes, sir-(aside)— school o' sunfish. He Should If He Didn't.

you. Editor (after reading it)-That is not a joke, ... But I say it is. I made it, and I ought to

A Money-Making Scheme.

I From Life

De Ryter-Here is a joke I have brought

Tawker-How can you afford to send your family to Saratoga, when you told me only last month that you were broke?

Cawher—Oh, I'm in a new business now. I have started a drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot-andescertain the machine is out of order com-

Ready for the Waste Backet.

Young Poet-Now, to tell the truth, I don't

think this poem of mine can be improved on. Friend—Is it as bad as that? Frozen Out. [From Time.] Bagstock-Is it true, Woodruff, that you have given up the ice-cream business? Woodruff—Yes, got frozen out by the trust



Small Gladys (at the close of her first Sun day school)-I fink you ought to div' my

matinee.



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